

THE
GARLAND.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIX-PENCE.



11630. d. 4
7

T H E

G A R L A N D;

k

A

C O L L E C T I O N

O F

P O E M S.

Scribere jussit Amor. OVID.

The pride of every grove I chose,
The VIOLET sweet and LILY fair,
The dappled PINK, and blushing ROSE,
To deck my charming LAURA's hair.

PRIOR.

O X F O R D:

PRINTED FOR C. S. RANN, HIGH-STREET; AND SOLD BY ROBSON AND CLARKE, NEW
BOND-STREET, AND BY MURRAY, FLEET-STREET, LONDON; AND LIKEWISE BY THE
BOOKSELLERS AT COVENTRY, BIRMINGHAM, AND WARWICK.

THE

COLLECTION

OF

THE

The price of every copy of the
The Yearly Report of the
The Annual Report of the
To be sent by the

Page



A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

SOME of the following Pieces have already appeared separately in the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, and as they have been spoken of in terms somewhat flattering to the Writer, he has ventured to collect them together, and to add others. It is not perhaps necessary to observe any thing further upon them; except that, if they have no merit of their own, nothing which he can say in an Advertisement can confer it upon them, and that, if they have, they cannot stand in need of such a support. In this persuasion he now makes to the Public his first offer of the kind, and waits its decision with, he trusts, a just mixture of Hope and of Fear.

THE HISTORY OF THE

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

C O N T E N T S.

	<i>Page</i>
ON Infancy, — — — — —	1
To the Snow-Drop, — — — — —	2
To the Crocus, — — — — —	3
To the Violet, — — — — —	5
To the Cowslip, — — — — —	7
To the Narcissus, — — — — —	11
To Love, — — — — —	13
Reason's Expostulation with Love, — — — — —	14
Love's Answer to Reason, — — — — —	18
Sonnet I, — — — — —	22
To Laura.—Sonnet II, — — — — —	23
To Laura.—Sonnet III, — — — — —	24
To Love.—Sonnet IV, — — — — —	25
To Love, — — — — —	26
Address to a Letter, — — — — —	29
On Laura's Fan, — — — — —	32
To Laura, — — — — —	33
On Re-visiting my Native Home, — — — — —	35
On the Fall of some Timber, — — — — —	36
On beholding School-Boys at Play, where the Author himself was Educated, — — — — —	} 38

E R R A T A.

In page 8, line 11, read—Or, with the Daify, and *the* Primrose pale.—
Page 16, line 9,—for *Naught*, read *Nought*,—and in page 24, line 4, for
wisper, read *whisper*.

T H E

G A R L A N D.

O N

I N F A N C Y.

IF there be ought like bliss this earth can boast,
 Sure it inhabits in thy simple breast,
 Toy-taken Infancy. What time the spring
 Pours her unnumber'd flowers o'er hill and dale,
 Pleas'd have I mark'd the sportive prattling tribes
 Running with eager haste from bank to bank
 To snatch their mingling dyes: they heed not then
 The friendly voice that chides their lingering steps;

A

Still

Still will they loiter, still each gaudy hue .

~~'Lure them aside; such charms has Nature's robe~~

For natural hearts, unstained by sordid cares,

Nor warp'd by commerce with a guilty world.

Of all thy boasted shews, thou sickly Pomp

Of empty Greatness, where canst thou display

A sight so touching to the soul of man

As children gathering flowrets in the spring?

Oh! 'tis a scene that bids th' impassion'd tear

Start from the gazer's eye, recalls past joys

Almost forgot, and makes us sigh to think

What once we were—as innocent as they!

TO THE

S N O W - D R O P.

THOU who, to Heav'n lifting thy golden brow,

Ey'ft unabash'd the glorious orb of day,

I praise thee not: I hate th' unblushing front.

But ever let me tell your humbler worth,

Ye

Ye simple Snow-drops, firstlings of the year,
 Fairest of flowers, sweet Harbingers of Spring,
 How meekly do ye hang your silvery heads,
 Like maidens coyly stealing from the view!
 E'en so upon the ground her modest eye,
 That fears to meet th' irreverent gaze of man,
 Beauty unconscious bends; and so, more pure
 Than are your snow-white forms, Sophia strives
 To hide those charms, how matchless! from the world.

TO THE

C R O C U S.

Upright as are the thoughts of her I prize,
 Second of flowers, though little canst thou boast
 May charm the sight, or gratify the smell,
 I love thee: for of all this goodly scene,
 Which we behold, nought earlier than thyself
 My soul remembers: in my boyish years
 I've mark'd thy coming with incessant watch,

Oft

Oft have I visited each morn the spot,
 Wherein thou lay'st entomb'd, oft joy'd to see
 Thy pointed tops just peering o'er the ground;
 And ah! fond fool, how often hast thou bared
 Their tender fides, till thy too greedy love
 Has kill'd the flowers its strange impatience strove
 To hasten into bloom: so do not ye
 Whom Heav'n has blest with children; but beware
 Lest ye expose your darling hopes too soon
 To the world's fury, there to face those winds,
 Whose bitter biting chills the weakly plant:
 But shield them with your kind and fostering arms,
 Till they have gather'd strength t' abide the frosts
 Which nip life's opening bud; else ye perhaps
 May find your hopes all blasted—e'en as mine.
 Ye much-lov'd Crocuses, while memory lasts,
 I'll hold ye dear; for still shall ye recall
 My infant days, and oh! how great's the bliss
 To think on those: oft doth this soul inhale
 The sweet remembrance, till the strong perfume
 Tortures the sense: for say whate'er you will,

Ye

Ye that delight to brood o'er other times,
 And call to memory departed joys,
 'Tis but a painful pleasure: in themselves
 Our purest joys are intermix'd with cares,
 But in the recollection of those joys
 The fordid dregs of intermingling care
 Sink to the ground, while all the bliss, sublim'd,
 Is essence pure, too pungent to be borne.

T O T H E

V I O L E T.

AND shall the Muse to thee her praise deny,
 Thou best, though most diminutive of flowers?
 For where can Nature through her wide domain
 Boast other odours half so sweet as thine?
 What shall I Sophy scorn, 'cause Sophy's small?
 Though small she be, is she not still a gem
 Which worlds of massy gold could never buy?
 You too, ye Violets, might I ever wear,

B

E'en

E'en as I wear my Sophy in my heart!
 Though the strip'd Tulip, and the blushing Rose,
 The Polyanthus broad with golden eye,
 The full Carnation, and the Lilly tall
 Display their beauties on the gay parterre
 In costly gardens, where the unlicens'd feet
 Of rustics tread not, yet that lavish hand,
 Which scatters Violets under every thorn,
 Forbids that sweets like these should be confin'd
 Within the limits of the rich man's wall.
 So fares it in the world: albeit we see
 Some gew-gaws which the Great alone possess,
 Whate'er is solid good, is free to all.
 Grandeur, then keep thine own: this fragrant flower
 Was kindly given by Nature to regale
 The wearied ploughman, as he home returns
 At dusk of evening to that dear abode,
 Where all his comfort, all his treasure's lodg'd—
 Young rosy Cherubs, and a smiling Wife.
 If he may profit these, he'll jewels deem
 Those big round drops that stand upon his brow,

The

The badges of his labour, and his love:
 The thought that these from him their good derive,
 And that that good hangs on his single arm,
 Turns toil to luxury, to pleasure pain:
 'Tis this that cools the sun's meridian blaze,
 Bears up his heart, re-braces every nerve,
 And sends fresh vigor to his fainting soul.
 How far more blest is industry like this
 Than schemes of statesmen, who, for private ends,
 Would plunge their country in a gulf of woes!
 And know, ye Great, howe'er ye may despise
 The rustic's labour, 'tis to that we owe
 A nation's happiness, a kingdom's wealth,
 Wisdom in counsel, terror in our arms,
 At home security, and fame abroad.

TO THE
C O W S L I P.

COWSLIP, of all belov'd, of all admir'd,
 Thee let me sing, the homely shepherd's pride;

Fit

Fit emblem of the maid I love—a form
 Gladdening the sight of man, a sweet perfume
 Sending its balmy fragrance to the soul.
 Daughter of Spring, and Messenger of May,
 Which shall I first declare, which most extol,
 Thy sovereign beauties, or thy sovereign use?
 With thee the rural Dame a draught prepares,
 A nectarous draught, more luscious to my taste
 Than all thy boasted trash, vine-nurturing France:
 Maidens with thee their auburn tresses braid,
 Or, with the Daisy and Primrose pale
 Thy flowers entwining, weave a chaplet fair
 To grace that pole, round which the village train
 Lead on their dance to greet the jocund May;
 Jocund I'll call it, for it lends a smile
 To thee, who never smil'st but once a year:
 I name thee not, thou poor unpitied wretch,
 Of all despis'd, save him, whose liberal heart
 Taught him to feel your wrongs and plead your cause,
 Departed Hanway—peace be to his soul!
 Great is that man, who quits the path of Fame,

Who,

Who, wealth forsaking, stoops his towering mind
 From Learning's heights, and stretches out his arm
 To raise from dust the meanest of his kind!
 Now that the Muse to thee her debt has paid,
 Friend of the poor, and Guardian of the wrong'd,
 Back let her pleas'd return, to view those sports,
 Whose rude simplicity has charms for me
 Beyond the ball, or midnight masquerade.
 Oft on that merry morn I've join'd their throng
 A glad spectator, oft their uncouth dance
 Ey'd most attentive, where with tawdry shew
 Ill-sorted ribbons deck'd each maiden's cap,
 And Cowslip garlands every rustic's hat.
 Who that has eyes to see, or heart to feel,
 Would change this simple wreath which shepherds wear
 E'en for that golden circle which surrounds
 The temples of a King? Beneath these flowers
 Sits blooming Health, and ever-smiling Joy;
 While that bright orb, which girds the monarch's brow,
 Is but a crown of thorns to vex the soul
 Of him who bears it. Happiness, thou good,

Which all men pant for, and which few possess,
 Thou art not found in palaces of Kings!
 If thou hast place on earth, 'tis sure thou 'bidest
 'Midst Cots and Villages and rural scenes.
 Let fools with ardor in that chace pursue,
 Whose aim is empire, and possession pain:
 Mine be the lot to stray through Nature's walks,
 But not in gardens, where Man's barbarous skill
 Has starch'd those looser folds I've oft admir'd
 In Nature's robe, and turn'd to lifeless form
 Such artlessness, such elegance, such ease!
 Give me to wander in the spacious fields,
 Or 'long the margin of meand'ring stream,
 Or down the vale, or up yon steep hill's side,
 Where thousand Cowslips cover all the ground
 In wild luxuriance. There within a copse,
 Far from the search of every eye but mine,
 I've mark'd one tall and stately o'er the rest,
 In whose fair semblance Man's majestic mien
 Vied with the softness of a Virgin's grace.
 Thus in some village lone, 'midst trees obscure,

Far

Far from the notice of the busy world,
 I've spied some maiden of more princely tread,
 Of shape more fine, more elegantly turn'd,
 Of manners sweeter, and of hue more fresh,
 Than e'er was seen at modern routs or drums,
 In ancient Barons' hall, or courts of Kings.

N A R C I S S U S.

THEE too, Narcissus white, whose pliant stalk
 Still weak'ning as it grows, scarce stems the force
 Of wand'ring zephyrs, thee I fain would sing
 In deathless strains, with beauties like thine own,
 Had that unhappy youth, who pin'd for love
 Of his own shadowy shape reflected fair
 From the pure surface of the glassy stream,
 Boasted thy graces, it had been no crime
 To have gaz'd enamour'd through the live-long day,
 To have sigh'd in sickness, and then died at last

With

With hopeless anguish. Though 'tis fable all,
 Nor e'er did Lover grieve his soul away
 For unsubstantial shade, yet well he feign'd,
 Who feign'd this story, when he chose thy form
 To tell what matchless charms that youth beguild,
 Who, still desiring what he ne'er could reach,
 And fondly looking on what fondly look'd,
 Hung like a marble statue o'er the flood,
 Till life had left the form he never left.
 Unspotted flower, when scarce the red-hair'd sun
 Had rais'd his front above those eastern hills,
 I've quitted oft my downy couch, to gaze
 O'er all thy graces, while thy silvery face,
 Bath'd in fresh pearly dew-drops of the morn,
 Shew'd like a virgin, from whose tear-wet cheek
 Heart-piercing Grief had rifled all the Rose
 And left the widow'd Lily, there to mourn
 Her partner's loss. If, as I mark'd thy charms,
 It chanc'd that some rude wind came rushing by,
 And bent thee down, thee and thy flag-like leaves,
 Down to the ground, with still elastic force

Reco-

Recovering still, I've thought thee in my mind
 Some King furrounded with his fawning train,
 Who watch his motions, copy all his ways,
 Bend as he bends, and, as he rises, rise.

T O
 L O V E.

O Cruel Love, why still this soul divide,
 Why leave thy javelin burning in my side?
 Fain would my Heart, with ceaseless passion tofs'd,
 'Twixt Hopes and Fears in vain conjectures lost,
 Dreading the future, wearied with the past,
 End in one moment—what must ever last.
 O cruel Love, what heart with thee would live?
 A life of doubting is the life you give:
 Thy gifts once tasted, who would crave again?
 A life of doubting is a life of pain.
 How oft the wretch, who, still deluded, strays
 Through thorny paths of Love's perplexing maze,

Seeks a sad refuge from his doubts and fears
 In silent sorrow and a flood of tears!
 E'en thus the sea-gull, tir'd with circling round
 O'er stormy gulphs of ocean's waste profound,
 Looks back in vain upon the distant shore,
 And, asking peace she now enjoys no more,
 On the calm'd waves, exhausted, stoops to rest,
 And finds short comfort to her troubled breast.

REASON's Expostulation with LOVE.

FOND, feverish boy, why madly feed
 A restless love, without an end?
 Say to what good those wishes lead,
 Or whither does thy passion tend?

The flame you nurse, that very flame
 Shall prove a serpent in your breast,
 Of strength shall rob your sickly frame,
 Your days of work, your nights of rest.

Say

Say that thy love can't injure thee;
 Yet for her sake Oh quench the fire!
 Think how you'd wrong the maid and me,
 If once you kindled soft desire!

Thou know'st the nymph can ne'er be thine,
 Then why thus every art essay;
 How canst thou first her hand resign,
 Then try to steal her heart away?

Grant that that heart be all thine own,
 Grant that her love thy love exceed?
 'Twere better far t' endure alone,
 Than teach the maid like thee to bleed.

Would'st thou for this her heart obtain?
 E'en as a wanton puling boy,
 Who first a play-thing cries to gain,
 And when he's gain'd it, breaks the toy.

Would

Would love, did love do *her* no harm,
 From Passion's ills *thy* soul release?
 Would that, which made her bosom warm,
 Restore thy long-forgotten peace?

Thou canst not bear th' averted cheek,
 Thou canst not bear her silent eye:
 How could'st thou bear those eyes that speak,
 How could'st thou bear the impassion'd sigh?

Naught that she does thy soul can please:
 Though scorn may make thy fetters grind,
 No smiles can make them fit with ease,
 And scorn itself can ne'er unbind.

The cold indiff'rence of her looks
 Thy love-sick heart can ill endure;
 And if her frown thy flame rebukes,
 The pain it gives admits no cure.

If she be kind, what boots it more?

It tells how fate thy doom has fixt,
And wider sets the distant shore,
And clearer shews the gulf betwixt.

Then why thus rush to certain pain,
To her thy foot why madly flies?
So seeks the silly moth her bane,
And courts the blaze by which she dies.

Say can the joy her presence brings
Reward an absent lover's woe?
Oft hast thou felt how parting stings,
And curs'd the cause that bade thee go.

And wilt thou seek her mansion yet?
Back shalt thou still return to Care;
To waste thine hours in vain regret;
To wish thou ne'er hadst enter'd there.

LOVE's Answer to REASON.

IINTRUDER bold, whose impious tongue
 Presumes to chide my hallow'd flame,
 Art thou of earthly parents sprung?
 Whence dost thou come, or what thy name?

Not earthly thou: Some Hell-born foe,
 Or sure some stranger from above:
 Its nature well thou seem'st to know,
 But ne'er didst feel what 'tis to love.

Give me a breast as cold as thine,
 Or teach the maid to frown like thee,
 Then shall this foul no longer pine,
 And thou alone shalt govern me.

But whilst I view that eye so sweet,
 And in that eye a sweeter mind,
 Still may'st thou ever idly prate,
 And preach thy lessons to the wind.

Go,

Go, tell the Sun to hide his fire,
 And tell the stars to shine no more;
 Go, bid the furies back retire,
 Nor dare to lash the bellowing shore.

Seek Bedlam's din and mingled yells;
 There, if thou canst, resume thy reign;
 Bid madness leave her iron cells,
 And drag no more the clanking chain.

Go, call her wand'ring senses home,
 Her frantic rage and storms allay;
 Or teach her fixt and fullen gloom
 To laugh and dance the hours away.

Could'st thou but view my charmer's form,
 Or hear the music of her tongue,
 Thine icy soul might then grow warm,
 And age itself once more be young.

Alas!

Alas! I fear that hoary hair
 Is not the badge of creeping Time;
 Those locks from endless days you wear,
 And never felt youth's glowing prime.

That lifted eye, whose sharp rebuke
 Still points to yonder starry pole—
 It never knew the downcast look
 Which marks the lover's pensive soul.

That front sublime, whose angry frown
 Would kill the flame I nourish here—
 It never stoop'd to Beauty's power
 Or fondly smooth'd its frown severe.

Thy trumpet tongue, whose harsher noise
 Would from this breast her image scare,
 Did never use the dulcet voice,
 Which Love employs to woo the Fair.

Till Grace itself can please no more,
 Shall I not feel those charms divine?
 How can I learn thy rigid lore,
 Or leave her face to gaze on thine?

Oh! had my love, that ugly frame,
 Thy furrow'd brow, thine haggard eye,
 This heart had never known a flame,
 This breast had never learnt to sigh!

S O N N E T I.

Poor wretched heart why vex thyself in vain;

Why care for Her, who never car'd for you;

Why to thyself in secret thus complain;

Why fondly cling to Hope, which bids thee still adieu?

Though thou for Her hast many pangs endur'd,

Much torturing doubt, and many an anxious fear,

Yet never did she waste on thee a tear,

Or once lament a wound, which never can be cured.

When the gay dance fill'd every heart with glee,

When music's charms did every care beguile,

And every face did wear a lighter smile,

Ne'er did she send one sorrowing thought to thee;

Nor ever steal from crowds admiring round,

To cast that humid eye in pity on the ground.

L A U R A.

S O N N E T II.

THOUGH now thou smil'st regardless of my pains,
 Though griefs, this breast endures, afflict not thee,
 Yet time may come when thou shalt pity me,
 Should Love's sweet fire e'er revel in thy veins:

And ne'er did Maiden with so soft a heart,
 In sober Reason's panoply secure,
 Pass on thro' life unblemish'd by the dart,
 Which gives a wound that wishes not a cure.

When that mild flame shall on thy bosom steal,
 When all thy cares are lost in one alone,
 Oh may'st thou 'scape the wretchedness I feel,
 And meet a fire as ardent as thine own;
 Ne'er may'st thou mark the cold averted eye,
 Which damps the burning wish, and blasts the Lover's joy.

L A U R A.

S O N N E T III.

How oft, when freed from Reason's harsh control,
 With thee in dreams I trace the dewy vale,
 Pour forth my sorrows on thy gentle soul,
 And whisper in thine ear Love's artless tale:

Thou, smiling sweet, inclin'st thy dimpled cheek,
 Suffus'd with modest blushes, to the ground:
 Methinks That action more than tongue doth speak,
 And say—"talk on, for Love's a dulcet sound:"

Then Fancy forms thee with an angel's face,
 Bids thee shine out in more than mortal charms,
 Makes thee all dignity, all winning grace—
 I try to fold the Phantom in my arms:
 Insensible to touch, Thou, heav'nly maid,
 Fade'st in my grasp, or fleet'st an empty shade.

L O V E.

S O N N E T IV.

O Love, where-e'er, to maidens' bosoms dear,
 Thou mak'st in solitude thy piteous moan,
 Come, o'er my miseries shed th' heart-easing tear,
 And in my wretchedness forget thine own.
 When Nature's wearied sons to rest retire,
 And balmy Sleep shuts up the eye of Woe,
 Still many sorrows art thou doom'd to know,
 Tormented still with never-quench'd desire.
 Sweet was the draught which thou didst first prepare,
 To cool my fever, which no draught can end;
 But now how cruel is the lot I bear!
 For ever as, to raise thy cup, I bend,
 Still at my side Despair and Reason stand,
 To dash th' untasted chalice from my hand.

L O V E.

O Thou, or fiend, or angel, by what name
 Shall I address thee; how express thy powers?
 Strange compound of extremes! of Heat and Cold,
 Of Hope and Fear, of Pleasure and of Pain!
 Most credulous Infidel! now trusting nought,
 Now anchoring on a feather: craving all,
 With nothing satisfied; perplex'd with doubts,
 Yet dreading to be sure; furcharg'd with thought,
 Of speech incapable; in absence curst,
 Yet eager still to rush on certain pain!
 Tho' blind they call thee, yet I've known thee, Love,
 More keen and watchful than the sleepless eye
 Of that dread serpent, whose terrific glare
 Hung like a Comet o'er the Hesperian boughs.
 Nor ken of griping Miser, nor of Lynx,
 Nor his, whom Poets feign'd with hundred eyes
 Argus, nor that majestic bird's which looks
 Undazzled on the Sun, is half so sharp,
 So vigilant as thine. All-seeing Love!

No

No look, no motion, gesture, deed, or word,
 No nor the secret counsels of the heart
 Can 'scape thy scrutiny. How wretched thou,
 If ought thou spie'st, which thwarts thine ardent wish;
 And oh! how ravish'd, if thou mark'st one glance,
 Which tells the latent longings of the soul!
 In that high fever the delirious brain
 Coins gaudy phantoms of celestial bliss,
 Of bliss that never comes—for now; e'en now;
 Now, while Love sleeps and eyes the rain-bow hues
 With child-like rapture, and full fondly thinks
 They ne'er shall fade, e'en now comes jealous Fear
 With tottering fist, and thunders at the door.
 At this rude noise alarm'd the dreamer starts,
 Looks trembling round, and—finds the vision fled.
 Where's now th' angelic tongue, the dimpled cheek,
 The moisten'd eye-ball, and the hidden blush,
 Or Love's delicious smiles? from dreams like these,
 From airy joys he wakes to solid pain.
 Quick to his sight up springs in long array
 A tribe of devilish ills—the cold Reply;
 The unanswer'd Question; the assenting nod

Of dull Civility; the careless look
 Of blank Indifference; the chilling Frown
 That freezes at the heart; the stony eye
 Of fixt Disdain; or more tormenting gaze
 Bent on another. These with all the train
 Of Fears and Jealousies that wait on Love,
 Are no imagin'd griefs; no fancied ills
 These; or, if fancied, worse than real woes.
 Such art thou Love; then who that once has known
 Thy countless rocks and sands that lurk beneath,
 Would ever tempt thy smiling surface more?
 Long toss'd on stormy seas of Hopes and Fears,
 How willingly at last my wearied soul
 Would seek a shelter in Forgetfulness!
 Oh! bland Forgetfulness, Love's sweetest balm,
 Come, rouse thee from thy bed, if still thou sleep'st
 On Lethe's shore; come, take this willing breast
 And fold it in thine arms; through all my veins
 Thy dead'ning powers infuse; close up each gate
 And avenue to Love; purge off the lime
 That clogs this spirit, which fain would wing its flight
 To Sense, to Reason, Liberty and Law.

ADDRESS to a LETTER.

THOU senseless tool, unconscious what thou art,
 That speed'st the friendly thought from pole to pole,
 Take the kind love that fills this swelling heart,
 And breath it soft on Sophy's gentle soul.

Till Pity's self shall scorn the wretch's pray'r,
 And Want shall ask from Charity in vain,
 Go tell the maid this bosom still must share
 In all her joys and sorrow in her pain.

Tell her through sickness should this memory fail,
 Nor leave of all I've learnt one trace behind,
 That still no powers of sickness should avail,
 To blot her sacred image from my mind.

Say, shall the harmless Dove her partner wrong,
 Shall She her brood with Kite-like fury tear?
 Yea, let the Dove destroy her callow young,
 Yet still shall Sophy to this heart be dear.

Curs'd be the sorrow, in whate'er degree,
 That steals one moment from her halcyon hour;
 Curs'd be the cause, how light soe'er it be
 That tells the morning of her life to low'r.

Ne'er may the youth, that dictates now these lines,
 O'er-cloud the Peace that fits upon her brow,
 Nor from that eye, where heavenly meekness shines,
 Teach the sad drops of wretchedness to flow?

Say, in man's cup shall man new bitters fling,
 Heap ills on ills, and bid the mourner mourn;
 Shall He fresh drugs to poison'd chalice bring,
 By Nature mix'd too sickly to be borne?

Hath human lot no sorrows of its own,
 Which strong necessity compels to bear?
 Why woes invent, why add to sorrows known,
 Why load a life already fill'd with care?

If ought might stand from misery secure,
 Or claim the partial bliss which life bestows,
 Sure Sophy 's it: sure innocence so pure
 Might ask exemption from the general woes.

Sweet lovely maid, whose griefs must e'er annoy
 This heart which holds thine happiness so dear,
 Shall jest of mine e'er mar thy simple joy,
 Or stain thy beauty with one falling tear?

Sooner than wit shall wound the maid I prize,
 May sense and fancy perish from this brain;
 Still may I live, if smiles on Sophy rise,
 Dull as yon herds that crop the flowery plain.

On LAURA's FAN.

SAY beauteous maid, what means the toy you lend;
 Art thou a foe, or take I from a friend;
 Say, Laura, say what means this mystic shew,
 These quiver'd arrows, and this silver bow;
 What means the filken cord, the faithful Dove?
 Say, are not these the instruments of Love?
 Yes, yes, they are: I feel it in my breast,
 So tell mine eyes, and so these pangs attest:
 On me that quiver empties every dart;
 I know the cordage twining round my heart;
 To me that Dove, like Noah's once before,
 Sad tidings brings, and bids me rest no more.
 And didst thou think that fan like thine would tame
 A Lover's heat; or wake a Lover's flame?
 Did blazing oil e'er quench the burning coal,
 Or wings of Cupid freeze an amorous soul?
 If, as they must, they call the faint desire
 Quick into life, and rouse the sleeping fire,

Think'ft

Think'st thou thy Fan my boiling blood restrains,
 Or cools the fever raging in my veins?
 Scarce prov'd to Hercules a bane so fore
 That vest perfidious, steep't in poisonous gore;
 Scarce perish'd he with more pernicious fire,
 When on himself he pluckt the funeral pyre:
 And scarce when lawless Jason dar'd to rove
 In Creon's court, and scorn Medea's love,
 Scarce did her stormy rage, and injur'd pride
 With gift more treacherous deck the hated bride.
 Go, fan mis-call'd, go, seek some other name,
 Thou canst not cool, thou only canst inflame;
 And you, fair maiden, take your toy again,
 Nor heap fresh torments on a Lover's pain.

T O L A U R A .

AND can I wish that thou, sweet maid, may'st share,
 A love like mine, or suffer with my pain?
 Where-e'er I bend my steps, what-e'er I do,
 To me shall still that gentle bosom turn

I

With

With restless motion, like the troubled vane
 For ever shifting with the shifting wind;
 Me shall thine eye unmov'd, unwearied watch,
 Search all my thoughts, and ficken when I frown?
 Shall all thy comfort hang upon a smile,
 A fickle smile? shall every varying look,
 Which Chance or worse Caprice may lend this face
 With doubts and fears distract thy lab'ring soul?
 Shall secret pining steal the vermil dye
 That blossoms on thy cheek; while every hour
 Of tedious absence shews like endless years
 To craving Love? shall Sorrow's bitter drops
 That dimple fill, where Graces sit and smile?
 No; let it never be: come, Reason firm,
 With plates of adamant guard well that heart,
 That tender heart, for Love and Pity form'd:
 Come, with the strong effulgence of thy beams
 Break the thick mist which fond Delusion spreads
 O'er all my senses: teach reluctant thought
 To ask—*her* peace; and fix this giddy head,

Which

Which fain would turn aside, nor read the scroll,
 Where Truth has written on eternal brass
 With ink as black as Erebus—*Her peace*
Can never dwell with hopeless love of Thee!

On Re-visiting my Native Home.

YE once more, hamlets, and you, fir-crown'd hills,
 Pleas'd I re-visit, once ascend you more,
 Whom oft I've climb'd from infancy to youth,
 From youth to manhood. Here upon this spot
 How oft I've gaz'd upon this prospect round,
 Unfated still! for fure 'tis passing fair!
 But were it barren heath, more wild, more waste
 Than Afric's deserts, or than Scotland's rocks,
 I'd deem it beautiful. Had Lapland's snows
 For twice ten years long frown'd my native home,
 Yet twice ten years should make e'en Lapland smile.
 If thus might Custom with her magic wand
 To meekness change stern Winter's angry glare,

How

How lovely must ye look, ye hamlets, blest
 With all your natural charms, your winding streams,
 Your long-extended plains and fertile vales,
 And secret bowers, and proud o'er-shadowing elms,
 That hide your houses from the traveller's ken!
 'Tis true no spot around this eye descries
 In song heroic or th' historic page
 With fame transmitted through a length of years:
 And shall we grieve for this, misjudging fools!
 No, let us rather smile, and bless our stars;
 For what is History but a tale of woes,
 Or what the heroic song but crimson'd plains?
 War's cursed ravage ne'er o'er-whelm'd these hills
 With human blood, nor heap'd these vallies high
 With mangled carcases of kindred slain.

On the FALL of some TIMBER.

HARK! hark! what noise was that, which met mine ear
 With thund'ring tone, and echoed round these hills?

Alas!

Alas! I fear it was the woodman's stroke:
 See! there he stands, and aims his barbarous blow
 Full on those branching elms, our village pride,
 And levels all their glories with the ground.
 At this rude shock the Crows reluctant quit
 Their high-built citadels, and hover round
 Reluctant still to leave their long abode,
 And rest unbroken for a hundred years:
 The Daw that deem'd herself securely lodg'd,
 Safe from the daring school-boy's plundering hand,
 In some deep cavern in the mid-way trunk,
 There by the Pecker scoop'd with endless toil,
 Bursts forth affrighted, and with clamorous voice
 Curses that ax that lays her mansion low.
 Go, hapless tenants, seek some other shades,
 Where ye may dwell secure; where never strikes
 The Feller's arm, to break your soft repose.
 When ye are gone, much shall I feel your loss,
 To whose rough music have I listen'd oft
 With far more pleasure than to silver sounds
 Of strings symphonious, or the sweeter notes
 Of Philomel, or human voice divine!

On beholding SCHOOL-BOYS at PLAY,

WHERE THE AUTHOR HIMSELF WAS EDUCATED.

THIS spot I'll love; for much I love to see
 Hundreds still playing at those very games
 Which oft I've play'd at on the self-same green.
 Sport on secure; and, when ye leave these scenes
 For life's wide stage, may other joys arise,
 As great or greater than ye now can boast!
 Full falsely tells that sapient sage, whose saw
 Would fain persuade you, when you quit these shores,
 These peaceful shores, that then your luckless bark
 Tempts a wide ocean ever vext with storms,
 There to be swallow'd up; or, if perchance
 From such tempestuous turmoil sav'd at last,
 Still to be thrown on desert rocks, where breaths
 Nought that is human; or, if human, curst
 With heart more savage than the savage beast.
 'Tis false, 'tis grossly false; the sullen gloom,
 And peevish talk of discontented age:
 Believe it not; when youth is now no more,

Life

Life still has joys, if not, like Youth's, elate
 With transports high, yet constant and serene.
 Is not the joy of Youth the joy of Brutes,
 That self-same instinct and impetuous fire,
 Which prompts the neighing steed to flit his heels,
 And paw and snort and bound along the plains?
 And is not too that joy which parents feel,
 Still as they eye their children, and behold
 In them their image, is it not a bliss,
 A conscious bliss, a bliss which knows itself,
 Which feels that it exists, and asks no more?

11:7:19

T H E E N D.

This bliss has joys if not like Youth's state
 Which transports high, yet constant and serene.
 Is not the joy of Youth the joy of Brutes,
 That self-same instinct and impetuous fire,
 Which prompts the neighing steed to fling his heels
 And paw and snort and bound along the plains?
 And is not too that joy which parents feel,
 Still as they eye their children and behold
 In them their image, is it not a bliss,
 A conscious bliss, a bliss which knows itself,
 Which feels that it exists and asks no more?

THE END.